And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes;
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt,
Whether thoſe pearles of praiſe be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady, ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething; which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſon'd gyrle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiſed,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours, to be directed
As from her Lord, her Gouernor, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe; and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe

Are yours, my Lord,
Which when you par
Let it preſage the ruin
And be my vantage t
Baſſ. Madame, you
Onely my blood ſpea
And there is ſuch con
As after ſome Oratio
By a beloued Prince,
Among the buzzing
Where euery ſometh
Turnes to a wilde of
Expreſt, and not exp
Parts from this finge
O then be bold to ſay
Ner. My Lord and
That haue ſtood by a
To cry good ioy, goo
Gra. My Lord *Ba*
I wiſh you all the ioy
For I am ſure you ca
And when your hon
The bargaine of you
Euen at that time I m
Baſſ. With all my
Gra. I thanke you
My eies my Lord, ca
You ſaw the Miſtreſ
You lou'd, I lou'd fo
No more pertaines t
Your fortune ſtood
And ſo did mine too
For wooing heere v
And ſwearing till my
With oathes of loue
I got a promiſe of t